

Peg o' My Heart

The Story of J. Hartley Manners' Remarkable Comedy, Which Is to Be Presented Here by Oliver Morosco's Metropolitan Company, Told in Narrative Form by the Author.

ON June 1, 1912, Mrs. Chichester sat in her morning room in Regal villa, Scarborough, England, facing the supreme crisis of her life.

In her hand lay an open letter; beside her stood her son and daughter, panic-stricken.

The bank containing every penny her dead husband had left her had closed its doors. They were beggars. She must live on charity the rest of her life with relatives she disliked and who disliked her. Tears were streaming down her face.

Her daughter, Ethel, took the calamity calmly. She would work or teach children—anything.

Alaric, her son, was indignant. What right had any bank to close its doors—especially that particular one? It ought to be made to open them again, and at least pay them what they were owed to them. They should do this even if they did not pay any one else.

Alaric could not understand any one causing him a moment's discomfort. That was the fault of his mother's training. At school and at college he had done just as he pleased. Provided with all the money he needed,

was at the cross roads. Ethel tells him, too, she is at the cross roads. They are ruined.

In a sudden passionate abandonment he begs her to let him take her away out of her troubles. Go with him, and when his wife sets him free he will marry her. For a moment Ethel shows she feels the temptation. Poverty to her is horrible. She almost yields.

Then another mood follows, and she refuses. He pleads.

"No, Chris; not just now," she says. "Some time, perhaps in the dead of night, something will snap in me—the slack, selfish, luxurious me—that hates to be roused into action, and the craving for adventure will come. Then I'll send for you."

"And you'll go with me?"

"I suppose so. Thank heaven help you."

Just as he is about to press his case Alaric bursts into the room with a very dignified elderly gentleman whom he had found in the garden inquiring for

Just before she died she wrote to Nathaniel Kingsnorth for the first time and asked him to help them. He replied, "You have made your bed—lie in it!"

The remembrance haunts the dying man. He wants to make some atonement. If that child is still alive he wishes to see her before he dies.

They make inquiries and find the child, now grown to young womanhood, is living in very poor circumstances in the city of New York.

He sends money for her passage to England with a request to her father to let her visit him.

The father consents.

Before the girl reaches England, however, Nathaniel Kingsnorth dies.

Now, in his will he directs that the sum of £1,000 a year be paid to any lady of breeding and refinement who will undertake the training of the girl in the best traditions of the Kingsnorth family.

He also directs that the training should continue to the age of twenty-one if she showed any desire to acquire the education necessary for her position, and when she reached that age she should inherit the sum of £5,000 a year.

If, in the judgment of his executor, she was not worthy of interest at the expiration of one year, then she must be returned to her father and the sum of £250 a year paid her to provide her with the necessities of life.

Mr. Hawkes then faced Mrs. Chichester with the second shock she experienced that unlucky, fatal day.

It was Mr. Kingsnorth's wish that the first lady to be approached on the

other one of the most pathetic, disreputable Irish terriers it had ever been the distinguished Chichester family's misfortune to lay eyes on.

And this was her niece.

This was the creature Nathaniel desired her to train.

But for the prospect of abject misery she would have turned the little girl out of her house.

The thought of the thousand pounds a year restrained her.

"What is your name?"

"Peg, ma'am," replied the little red-headed girl.

Mrs. Chichester sent for the servant. "Take away those parcels and that dog," she said.

Peg clutched the little animal to her. "No, not Michael," she said. "You mustn't take Michael away from me. He was given to me by my father."

And so began Peg's career in London. It was a month of conflict.

She had only one bright little spot in the history of that wretched month—a friendship for an old friend of the family whom she only knows as "Jerry."

"Jerry" brought her home one night from a dance. The house was fast asleep.

Just as he was taking his leave of her he heard a footstep on the path. Warning her to hide he turned to the window and found Christian Brent coming up the steps.

"Hello, Brent!" said Jerry. "Just coming from the dance? I didn't see you there."

"No," replied Brent. "I was restless and just strolled here." He tried to pass Jerry and enter the house, but Jerry intercepted him. "Come with me to the road," he said coolly; "the house is asleep."

They walked to the road, where Jerry saw Brent's Mercedes car waiting at the bend.

Jerry watched him go away, then walked up and down the road, watching the Chichester windows as if wondering if Peg were all safe.

Meanwhile Peg, the moment Jerry had taken Brent away, crept quietly upstairs. Just as she got to the top Ethel appeared fully dressed and carrying a small traveling bag.

She ordered Peg down into the room and demanded what she was doing there.

Peg, divining why Ethel was there, asked her interloctor what she was doing fully dressed at that time of night.

"Where're you going away with that man? He was here a minute ago and Mr. Jerry took him away."

"Who was here?"

"Mr. Brent. Were you going away with him?"

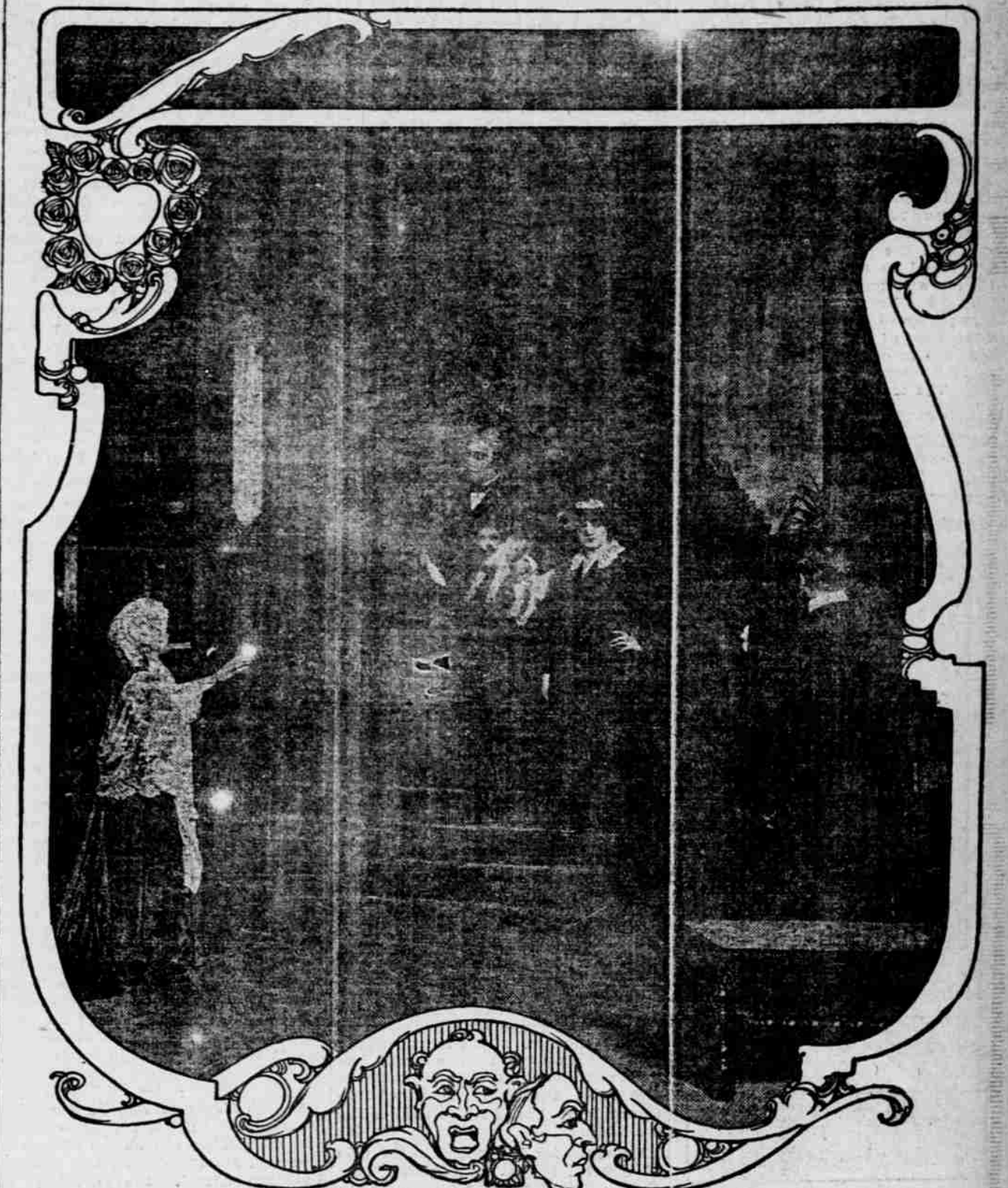
Ethel burst with tears and poured out her own wretched story. For the first time the two girls opened their hearts to each other and mingled their tears.

Roused by a falling receptacle, Mrs. Chichester and Alaric came down into the room and found the two girls.

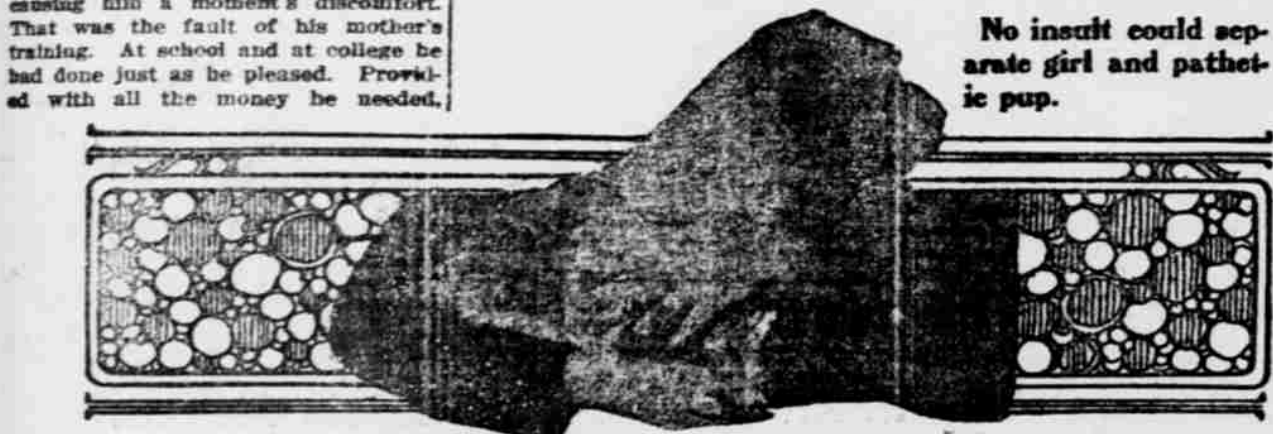
Peg made up her mind instantly to save Ethel. She declared that she had taken Ethel's hat and cloak and bag to the dance with Mr. Jerry.

Mrs. Chichester was furious.

Later Peg was confronted by Jerry and the family.



The footman showed in a poorly clad little girl, barely eighteen, with bright red curls gleaming from under a cheap hat—this was her niece; this was the creature Nathaniel desired her to train!



brought up with the idea that he would never have to do anything for his livelihood, he came down from his university with a slight knowledge of grammar and a tennis racket he had won as runner-up in a tournament.

These were his only assets in life.

To be suddenly confronted with beggars gave him a thrill of discomfort he never thought he could have been made to feel. Taking courage from his sister's resolve, he decides to work, too, to preserve the family fortunes.

Into the pathetic family scene came Mr. Christian Brent, a man of distinction, of breeding and of wealth. Left alone with Ethel, he tells her that the previous night he had had the final quarrel with his wife. They had not a thought in common. There was not an action of his she did not misunderstand. She had heard gossip about his attentions to Ethel and put the worst construction on it. There was only one thing to do—separate. He

his mother. He introduces Mr. Hawkes, a London solicitor.

Brent leaves them. Mrs. Chichester is brought down from her room, and for the second time that morning she finds herself face to face with a crisis.

The solicitor tells her that her brother, Nathaniel Kingsnorth, has recently died. In consequence of his bitterness toward his relations no one was to be informed of his death, nor was any one to wear mourning for him should they hear of it. "They wouldn't feel any sorrow, so why lie about it?" he had said.

In his will he had not left a penny to any of his near relations.

But on his bed of sickness, knowing the end was approaching, he spoke constantly of a dead sister, Angela, who married years before an imprudent Irish agitator, was cut off by her family, and, after going through many conditions of misery, died three months after giving birth to a little girl.

matter of training the girl should be Mrs. Chichester.

She is aghast. Ethel is indignant. Alaric is contemptuous.

"I never heard of such a thing."

"Ridiculous."

"Tush and nonsense."

"Then I take it you refuse?"

"Absolutely."

The lawyer gathered up his papers to go. The family looked at each other, and the same thought struck them simultaneously.

A thousand pounds a year would save them. Mrs. Chichester decided for all their sakes she would undertake the task of training her niece.

Mr. Hawkes sent for the girl, and once again the unfortunate family are subjected to another shock. The footman shows in a poorly clad little girl, barely eighteen years old, with bright red curls gleaming from under a cheap hat, a grip and a parcel under one arm and clutched tightly under the

very handy for the housewives of Knik to have the meat supply of the town up in the air. If hubby has poor luck with his gun and the supply runs out, all she has to do is to go to the door, pick out her neighbor who has the largest supply on hand and go borrow a steak or two.

The meat is fastened securely to a rope and it is run up to the top of the pole very much the same as a flag would be.—Milwaukee Journal.

Juvenile Logic.

Marie is a very bright kindergarten pupil. She came home to her parents the other day and told them that the kindergarten teacher had said she will grow up to be a very nice looking young lady if she is a good girl, but will grow up to be a very ugly woman if she is a naughty girl. "Is that true, mamma?" asked Marie, and she was informed that if the teacher said so it was true. Marie then sat still for awhile, pondering seriously. "But mamma," she suddenly burst forth again, "why was the kindergarten teacher so naughty when she was a little girl?"—Philadelphia Record.

Jerry introduced himself to her as the chief executor of the late Mr. Kingsnorth's will and made her acquainted, with the conditions of the will.

Peg was indignant when she learned that Mrs. Chichester was paid a thousand pounds a year for treating her so shamefully.

They all begged her to stay, until at last Ethel told her that the day she

came into the house they did not have a penny. She had literally fed and housed them for the past month.

Then Jerry told the Chichesters that he happened to be also a director of their bank and that it would shortly reopen its doors and every depositor would be paid in full.

The family were immensely relieved. Now there was no occasion to house Peg any longer.

One by one they took their departure, leaving Peg alone with Jerry. Jerry, realizing that Peg was about to pass out of his life, took the fate in his hands. He told her of his love for her and that he couldn't bear the thought of losing her.

"Will you marry me? I love you."

"Do ye?"

"I do."

"Sure, and I love you too."

The Theatre

AT THE ILLINOIS.

March 13—"When Bunty Pulls the Strings."

March 15—"Peg o' My Heart," with Miss Florence Martin.

March 16—"The Tango Girls," progressive burlesque.

March 20—Lecture.

THE EMPIRE.

High class vaudeville and tabloids. Matinee 2:45 and evening 8:15, except Wednesday and Sunday, when there are two shows at 7:30 and 9:15.

AT THE ILLINOIS.

"Bunty," who pulls the strings, in the play which comes to the Illinois tonight, is the daughter of Tammam Bigger, and presides over his household as the successor to her mother, who died two years before.

Susie Simpson is an old maid and a distant relative who has loaned Tammam a matter of 120 pounds, which Tammam used to make good the deficiency of an elder son. Miss Simpson compels Tammam to choose between marriage and the restoration of her money, and Tammam is not in a

position to liquidate, and in consequence passes a bad Sabbath.

Jealousy of an old flame of Tammam impels the vindictive old maid to denounce Tammam in the Kirk yard, before the church goes, as a dishonest man, when the inventive "Bunty" promises to make good the amount, and averts the theatrical arrest of her father, by confiscating the nest egg of her wedding with honest, lumbering Wellum Sprunt. The rest of the play is taken up showing how Bunty sets all things right, defeating Susie Simpson, and marrying her father to his boyhood love, smoothing the path for her own marriage with Wellum.

The story is told with untheatrical simplicity, in terms of unforced humor, and interpreted by actors thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the author.

"Peg o' My Heart," which has been charming New Yorkers for over a year at the Cort theatre, will soon be seen at the Illinois in a return engagement Sunday with dainty Florence Martin in the title role. This is a comedy of youth, doubtless the greatest that has been produced in years, and it is fitting that the part of the Irish madcap should be given to the girl who scored a sensation in New York in "Little Boy Blue." J. Hartley Manners, the author, has personally directed the production of the company, and a brilliant one has surely been provided by Oliver Morosco including Isabel Vernon, Culin Campbell, Maude Allen, Fred L. Tiden, Nella Horan, Pell Trenton, Reginald Carrington, John Lyons.

AT THE EMPIRE.

Hayes and Johnson, two women, one of whom is so large, and proportionately, by the way, that she moves about the stage you are held in constant dread she is going to crush the piano or knock over the scenery, are making them laugh at the Empire the last half of the week, opening their engagement as part of the new bill

yesterday. The program does not state which of the two women carries the honors for avoirdupois, but no matter, you can't miss her if you are inside the theatre while their act is on.

"Let's pick out a wide street and go for a stroll," remarks one. The act is programmed as "In a Dream of Baby Days." The women sing well and while they apparently do not dare to get too frisky in their dancing movements—probably due to a warning from the theatre management, who has every reason to fear a collapse of the stage while the two are performing—they indicate to their audience that they have the knowledge and the ambition, but what's the use? You'll like Hayes and Johnson. There are four other typical variety stunts: O'Neill and Dixon, graceful young men who wear dress suits effectively and sing and dance gleefully; Tom Fletcher, a negro who vocalizes acceptably and makes a whole lot of noise; the Flores Trio, in an acrobatic absurdity, and McConnell and Austin, who are comedy bicycle performers.

JUST COAX THE SPRING.

How to Start a Clock After Winding It Too Tightly.

If in winding a clock actuated by a spring you have given the key a turn too much and so have wound the spring so tight that the clock won't run you don't have to take the clock to a clock-maker to have the spring unwound. You can start it yourself if you will go about it the right way and exercise a little patience.

Jarring or shaking the clock does no good. What you want to do is to hold it up and turn it right and left quickly, but gently, to oscillate the balance wheel. The object of this, of course, is to set the clock in action and free it from the binding restraint upon it, give the spring a little play, a chance to exercise its own power. If your own strong arm were bound tightly to your side you couldn't use it at all, but if you could work your arm free just a little bit you could then break loose. It is so with the tightly wound clock spring. Give it just a little of play and it will then be able to exert itself.

With your first oscillation the balance wheel will stop after half a dozen ticks, but that has helped. Keep this up for ten or fifteen minutes and you will then have given the clock spring play enough to enable it to exert its own power and keep the clock going.—New York Sun.

Cleveland—Mrs. Anna Pedogil was slain and cut in pieces while tied to a bed. Frank Stika, son of the man

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Grand RAGTIME Ball Saturday.

NO TANGO.

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AERIAL PANTRIES.

How the Meat Supply is Kept Safe in One Alaskan Town.

"Very patriotic lot of people live here, I see," is the remark made by almost every newcomer to the frontier town of Knik, Alaska, at the head of Cook's Inlet, when they see that almost every house is supplied with a flagpole.

And they are right about the patriotism, but it just happens that the poles are not for flags, but for meat.

Knik is on the trail to Iditarod and the Kuskokwim valley, and in the summer the sled dogs and the flies are so thick that it is impossible to keep meat in ordinary caches near the ground.

There is no butcher shop in Knik and the only fresh meat is moose or Alaska sheep brought in by the hunters. It's

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7TH AVE. and 12TH ST.
ADVENTURES OF **Kathlyn**
And Two Extra Reels.
SUNDAY, MARCH 15.
Matinee and Night.
Admission 5 and 10c.

Railroad Fatalities.

A contemporary has estimated that since the average length of a railroad journey in this country is thirty-four miles, and a passenger may take 2,275,122 such journeys with only one chance of being killed, it would take him, at two trips a day, 3,792 years to run the full gamut of risk. That is to say, if the one fatal accident happened to him in the present year, it would have been necessary for him to start his railroad traveling, at two trips a day, in the year 1879 B. C. It must be borne in mind, however, that he might be killed on his first trip.

THE ILLINOIS
Tonight
The Highland Comedy Success
"Bunty Pulls The Strings"
Most Fascinating Play Ever Written—The Favorite of Two Continents With
DAWSEY McNAUGHTON
as "Bunty"
And All the Original Scotch Players
Prices—25-50-75-1.00 and 1.50.
Phone Rock Island 224.

New London, Conn.—The court martial of Major Benjamin M. Koehler on charges of immoral conduct ended at Fort Terry. It will be four weeks before the verdict is known.

THE ILLINOIS
SUNDAY, MARCH 15.
MATINEE AND NIGHT
OLIVER MOROSCO
OFFERS
A Superb Production of
the Most Brilliant Comedy
yet Written in America
PEG O' MY HEART
By J. Hartley Manners
(The Youth-play which Lauretta Taylor has made a New York Institution)
PRICES—Matinee, 25c to \$1.00.
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ONE NIGHT ONLY
Progressive Wheel Burlesque
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BERTHA, Queen of the Orient Dancers
PRICES—25c, 35c, 50c, 75c., Boxes \$1.00
SEAT SALE TO-MORROW 9 A. M.

FRECKLES
February and March Worst Months For This Trouble—How to Remove Easily.

There's a reason why nearly everybody freckles in February and March, but happily there is also a remedy for these ugly blemishes, and no one need stay freckled.

Simply get an ounce of othine, double strength, from your druggist and apply a little of it night and morning, and in a few days you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the light ones have vanished entirely. Now is the time to rid yourself of freckles, for it not removed now they will stay all summer, and spoil an otherwise beautiful complexion. Your money back if othine fails.—Adv.)